

De La Soul Lyrics

"Peer Pressure"

(feat. B Real)

[Jay Dee]

Uh uh uh

Everywhere I go (What? What happens?)

People ask me (What, what)

Yo Dilla, you smoke weed (No doubt)

And I just tell 'em yeah!

Two weeks later, they smokin' weed

That's what I'm talkin' about

I ain't here to tell you not to smoke weed

Everybody get high

I'm here to apply the pressure

You, you, you and you

You and you (Especially you)

Come down to the Dee

I got some shit that'll blow ya mind

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

[Dave]

Yo, what up my nigga (Yeah, what up with your world)

Ain't shit, just got off the cell with this girl (Was up with ya'll?)

Yeah B you know what we about to do (What the hey)

Come on nigga puff it too, yeah right

[B-Real]

Honey draws bees like dookie draws flies

Just like the weed draws me to get high

Now I'm not tryin' to bend ya arm

I just want you to take a hit off the bong

That's all (Just one hit man)

[Pos]

Come on cool it, I'm not foolish

Quit pullin' my leg baitin' me like cod

My name ain't Craig and I ain't lost my job

Don't mind bein' odd from out the bunch

And y'all cornerin' me ain't stoppin' me from doin' it

(Nigga, puffin' so bad, why everybody doin' it?)

Man everybody doin' it (Yo come take a puff, style is real)

[B-Real]

Let it take ya whole style and feel

(Go ahead with that man)

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[Dave]

Come on

Y'all are actin' like this shit is supposed to raise me to the clouds

[B-Real]

Shit the clips we smokin' on would make Bob Marley proud
And he was one of the illest

[Dave]

Shit one of the illest ever
He smoked mad trees and still remained clever
I guess ya right

[B-Real]

Ain't no need to guess, put it to the test
Ask ya questions alphabetically

[Pos]

OK, hypothetically if I did take a hit
Do I necessarily need to be tastin' on your spit?
I mean shit I ain't shared a straw since the fourth grade

[B-Real]

Yeah, but don't you know chicks like to smoke and get laid?
Don't be a dunce it ain't gonna hurt you once
Quit bein' a punk, go ahead and hit the fuckin' blunt

[Dave]

But will it take a long time to recover
(Depends on the brother or sis who's puffin')
Hey yo stop that bluffin' like you givin' a survey
And let us serve the hay
To get yo mind aligned to the ways

[B-Real]

Of the master

[Pos]

Man I seen a cast a spell
To many brain cells and sane cells
A lead to fulfill wants and needs
I heard it's like a gateway to doin' more than weed

[B-Real]

Man I love my relationship, I'm no quitter

Mary Jane's my first love and I'ma stick with her

[Pos]

But won't I feel paranoid?

[Dave]

All ya questions is void unless ya try

Come on man for once get high

[B-Real]

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[B-Real]

Hey you don't gotta do anything that ya don't wanna

But it's not gonna change you or ruin your persona

[Pos]

Yeah but what if I can't stop

Shit I ain't with bein' no addict (Cut that shit out)

[B-Real]

Man, please tell him to stop bein' so dramatic

Just take a hit and let the weed do the trick

[Pos]

But will this make me sick

[B-Real]

Come on, quit actin' like a bitch

I can blaze the weed and you can make excuses

Now ya gonna smell the smoke my greenest weed produces

You'd probably like the smell too, ya probably wouldn't admit it

You'd probably wanna hit too (Come on man quit it)

Ya clearly in denial (Yo this shit ain't my style)

How do you know come on, let us give you a trial

Let us put chu' at ease with these trees

With the power to heal, put cha' mind at peace

Yeah, increase the level of the highness

Minus the stress accumulatin' through ya blindness

(Come on man hit this shit)

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

[Jay Dee]

Let me say something

If you just started smokin' (Please don't smoke too much)

But uh to all my smokers (Smoke enough)

Yeah, let's get 'em

Apply pressure, apply the pressure

Apply pressure, let's get 'em y'all

Apply pressure